WHERE THE LITTLE ORDS GO.



When drowsy evening trails her robe And decks the twilight hems, With gleavoing light, and flashes bright, Of lustrous dewy gems.

And one by one adorning stars In asure blue aloof, In brightness shine—by art divine Bet in its sable woof.

The sittle ones begin to nod
And sleepy eyelids fall;
Then evening soft bears them alo.
To dreamland, one and all.

Where beings clad in gossamer Of woven glint and gleam, Tread blithe and gay the milky way, The highway of the dream.

Then do they know indeed if stars Are but the watchful eyes Of angels bright, who note the flight Of every one who dies.

And filled with wonder and delight At everything they scan; In childish glee, the moon they see Indeed contains a man.

They see the blush of conscious daws Her rosy life begun; See Luna wink and fade and blink At the approaching sun.

Behold her retinue of stars

Fade softly from the view; And give to day, with lessened ray,

Then evening takes their little hands
And down the milky way,
They lightly tend, till they descend
Unto the edge of day. And they begin a wondrous flight Held in a soft embrace,

And down the sky, they lightly hie Across the mighty space. Then as the morning's chanticleer Begins his new refrain, They're safe in bed, the night is sped And life awakes again.

PRESH FASHION NOTES. of Which are Perhaps a Little too

Ladies' hats are now large enough to be seen with the naked eye.

Pelerines trimmed with beaded epauletts

and bugles are popular. The pelerines should not be killed before they are six weeks old, as they are tough before that age.

The upright jabot is coming to the front of

Mikado reed and bead portieres grow more in favor than ever. They should, however, never be used for trimming moire Francais

gowns.
Ostrich tips are becoming numerous again, but the old style silver quarter is in as much demand as ever in most restaurants.
Trained gowns are reserved for dinners of high ceremony. If trained properly, they can be made very useful on these occasions.
Handkerchiefs are now made of tiny squares of batiste or foulard, cut low in the neck, and trimmed with moirs antique.
Bummer pattern dresses are provided with parasol, fan, and beau to match.
Rennets of fulls out hiss are embroidered.

Bonnets of tulls out bias are embroidered ith straw and provided with alcoves a la recogus.

W. H. Siviera.

WARFARE OF THE FUTURE. urage and Physical Strength Will be Discounted.

Any one who has seen the destructive work of Gatling guns and reads of the precision of aim attained by an Ohio battery in the contests at Washington, will wender whether war can be again carried on at close quarters. The bayonet will certainly be of less use then ever, now that magazine and Gatling guns are parts of the regular armament. In tests of the Gatling gun made at Hartford, Conn., a canyas target, covering a Hartford, Conn., a canvas target, covering a regimental front, has been cut in two for its sgimental front, has been cut in two for its nitre length by a few discharges from a stiling gun battery. It would be physically impossible for troops to stand such a disharge, apart from any question of their ourage and willingness to expose themselves to danger. The supposed tendency of these improvements in the weapons of war in the interest of peace—making nations as disposed to fight and bringing wars to a sarry conclusion. They will also increase, its supposed, the value of strategy and the core intellectual military qualities. Courage, rength and personal skill were the main tements in the days of hand-to-hand ensurature, but with improvements in arms he intellectual forces have taken a more and core commanding position.—Fails. Ledger.

Their deparate Mensymbon Trips.

Commercial (to tradesman)—Well, and ow did you enjoy your honeymoon?

Benedict—I am sorry to say that I can't il you till the end of this week—my wife san't got home yet.

Commercial—How's that?

Benedict—Well, business being unexectedly brisk, we could not get away sether. I went out for a fortnight by my-ilf, and the wife is now away for her fortight; so shan't be able to tell you till she turns.—Meassing.

Vanishing Forest Wealth.

sisted that 700,000 acres or twenty-nine
ent, of the available pine lands of this
try lie within Wisconsin and Minnesota. rithin Wisconsin and Minnesots.

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my states of this source.

MISS LOOKABOUT.

N OBSERVANT WOMAN'S NOTE ABOUT TOWN IN NEW YORK.

he Mania for Braiding Dresses—A Giri Who is Just a Little Bit of a Dog—How to Choose a Rug to Harmonise With Big Feet—Beauties Behind Shop Counters.

There is a mania for braiding dresses. The surface of the cloth is sometimes completely overrun with vines, leaves, flowers and all sorts of geometrical designs. In an elevated railroad car sat a woman with a broad back, on which was a hundred yards or so of fine brier put on in the most intricate manner imagin-able. Right behind her was an old fellow whose gaze was fixed on this pat-tern. His brow slowly contracted, as though the brain inside was getting into a puzzle, and then I saw that he was mentally following the outlines. At length, with an air of complete abstraction, he put his finger gently on a point at what might be called the periphery of one of the largest of the braided figures, and moved it along between braids until progress was stopped by a cross section. He began again, but with the same result. A light broke in upon me. This fashionable garment had carried him back to his boyhood, and he was once more trying to solve the problem of the labyrinth-that is, endeavoring to find the way to the centre of the design without crossing a line. He didn't succeed because the woman felt him at it and frowned him off.

Speaking of sensitive girls, how would Speaking of sensitive girls, how would you feel if you were just a little bit dog? Now, that is precisely what happened to a girl in this city. Having lost a section of the principal muscle from one arm, surgeons of Bellevue Hospital inserted the lacking material from a Newfoundland dog, patched up the wound, made it heal and finally restored the arm to usefulness. The girl was under the influence of ether while the operation was going on, and a knowledge of its nature was kept from her until a cure was complete. Then the particulars were

given to her. "You ask me what is, or may be, the effect on the imagination of the girl," said the surgeon with whom I talked. Well, she happens to possess strong nerves and general good health. She seemed a little shocked on learning that there was a canine annex to her arm, and she was a canine annex to her arm, and she was anxious, right off, to know what sort of a dog had contributed the material. He had been killed immediately after the operation because it would have left him badly maimed. She said she was sorry for that, as she would like to have him to keep. She was delighted to be told that he was a fine specimen of his good natured, intelligent breed; and she said she never would have forgiven us if we had used a spits, or a bull dog or an ugly brute. A fashionable pug might have pleased her, yet on the whole she thought she would have chosen a Newfoundland if the selection had been left to her. She is a laundry girl, and probably not given to the fine mental or physiological theories; and so it is left to you professional writers to speculate on the effects of the amalgamation. There are persons so finicky that, every time they coughed after a piece of dog had been engrafted into them, they would imagine that they were barking, and death by imaginary hydrophobia would be a possibility; but in this case I don't anticipate any trouble of that sort." and she was anxious, right off, to know

this case I don't anticipate any trouble of that sort."

A New York damsel can be wonderful in her attention to personal detail when she puts her whole mind on it. For instance, a frivolous young friend of mine demanded a voice with the rest of the family in the selection of a carpet.

"I don't care so much about the colors," said the girl, "nor whether we have a regular carpet or a rug; and most of the pattern may consist of small designs, if you like, so long as there are a few figures in it of oblong shape, and about eight by fourteen inches in size. I really must insist on those dimensions, and I want the outlines distinct. Why am I particular about these points? Simply because my feet are rather large. My knowledge of art is sufficient to teach me that the eye judges by comparison. If my foot is put art is sufficient to teach me that the eye judges by comparison. If my foot is put out for view or besides a figure in a carpet that is smaller than itself don't you see that it shows for all its actual dimensions? but if it rests on a distinct design of three or four times its area, it is apparently reduced. So our carpet must have a few big figures in it for my personal use. As soon as you have made the selection I will know by the colors how to make my purchases of hosiery for the season. The exactions of dress nowadays require harmony of hues.

It is only in novels that high birth

will know by the colors how to make my purchases of hosiery for the season. The exactions of dress nowadays require harmony of hues.

It is only in novels that high birth gives arched insteps, taper fingers and sensitive nostrils. In real life they are impartially bestowed, thank Heaven. The most perfect specimens of the style of beauty regarded as aristocratic are found, so far as New York is concerned, among the tenement-house population, and they are usually young girls of Irish parentage. While in their teens they are often lovely and possess just the archness and self-poise that characterize the gentle-blooded heroines of romance. A wonderful collection of such girls is on exhibition in a certain fashionable millinery store. The establishment has long been noted for the beauty of its clerks, but at the spring opening this week it was remarked that several charming recruits were on hand. The utility of this is that the goods can be more alluringly displayed. If a shopper has a lingering doubt about buying a bonnet, the saleagirl claps it on her own head, and looks so well in it that the purchase is made without further hesitation. Besides, these commercial beauties add to the general attractiveness of the store. Women are admirers no less than men of beauty in their own sex, and this exceptional show makes the store talked about, thus giving a valuable advertisement. I don't see that the milliner is at all reprehensible either; and it is to her credit that she insists upon her clerks being reputable as well as comely. She pays them only the ordinary wages, but in addition has their hair dressed every morning by a professional artist, besides providing them with such adornment as tends to improve their looks in each individual case.

The latest nonsense set down to the discredit of feminine frivolty does not actually belong to the bolles, and so I haste a to describe it. The placard, "Fruce beautified in expression," caught my eyes in the district of retail trade, and I went up-stairs to the room occupied by

On the other hand, the countenance that smiles a great deal will get a pleasant shaping. I have invented an apparatus to be worn at night, and I warrant it not only to induce a pleasing expression in the face that has not yet become set, but also to displace, obliterate and revrange the lines that time and circumtances have already established."

I requested him to show the machine of me.

I requested him to show the machine o me.

"I would do that," he explained, "but or the fact that I have not yet obtained a patent, and therefore cannot safely exhibit it, except to persons of whose probity I have had proof. The price is \$40, and on payment of that sum I deliver the apparatus complete, with full directions for use. It is placed on the face on going to bed, and it holds the mobile features, especially the mouth, in a shape calculated to improve the expression. I am a skilled artist and I adapt the contrivance to each particular a shape calculated to improve the expression. I am a skilled artist and I adapt the contrivance to each particular case. The improvement is wonderful. I have cultivated the sweetest imaginable mouth in a woman whose lips had previously known no beauty, and in the cases of men I have frequently changed a heavy, frowning visage to one of light and urbane dignity."

I did not buy, and inquiry has convinced me that few, if any, of my sex have put their countenances under mechanical treatment.

chanical treatment. MISS LOOKABOUT.

CASUAL OBSERVATIONS. CHAD. M'COY.

THE WAY THE WIND BLOWS. That one whose kindliness of thought Into substantial deeds is wrought To gain a friend's affection Finds their accumulated might Forgot, while some imagined slight Lives in the recollection.

The usury of love! Is not the lover conscious of giving all he has for the sake of re ceiving more than he deserves?

THE HAVANA CABBAGE. The man who sells the cheap cigar
To stifle all the residenters,
As an eccentric will be found,
Because eccentrics are not round,
And always have "two centers."

AN INCONSISTENCY. There is in nature a force superior to the assaults of man, and still they call her s

Mistrust that eager friend of thine Who would your inmost thought divine, To confidence compel you; Consider how you scarce conceal,

Are always prompted to reveal, The things which others tell you. A BAD COMMENT. Love of the wedded is like twilight. There s a glimmer of it in the morning and then

comes the business of the day. A CERTAINTY. "Time is money!" It is "hours" if we im-

SOME MORE HUMAN NATURE. The man of sense, in silence lives And all complaining smothers; He knows what little heed he gives When listening to others.

PIGURATIVELY SPEAKING. The highway which Napoleon the Great cut through the Alps may be called "the Colossus of Rhodes."

ECONOMICAL DUTY. Should cobblers wish to grow devout 'Tis folly if they falter; It will not cost them much to shout "My swl is on the alter."

A Change of Programme,
"I beg pardon, sir," he said as he stopped rian on Woodward avenue, "but ca you tell me where the city hall is?"

you tell me where the city hall is?"

"Right over there, sir."

"Ah! that's it, eh? Are there any aldermen about the hall this time o' day?"

"There may be."

"Thanks. I suppose you know 'em all?"

"Most of them."

"Just so. Some of them are charitable, are they not?"

"I don't know as to that."

"I see. If I found an alderman there he might not be a charitable alderman, eh?"

"That's about it."

"I was going over there to ask some char

"That's about it."
"I was going over there to ask some charitable alderman to loan me a dollar, but as the prospects are so dubious and as you have evinced an interest in my welfare, permit me to abandon my original plan and strike you for a quarter."—Deirott Free Press.

The Decline of Hero Worship.

The American people are not as much given to hero worship now as in the last generation. I have been interested lately to observe how even our most distinguished public men go up and down the land, show themselves at the great hotels and in other public places, and don't even attract enough attention to cause people to look around. I sat at dinner with Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, in a Chicago hotel, not long ago, and this was the topic of our conversation. Said he: "There are four United States senators in this house and three ex-Cabinet officers, and they come and go and no one stops to look at them. When I was a boy I would have walked twenty miles to see a United States senator."—American Magazine. The Decline of Hero Worship.

A trampish-looking man with a particular

A trampish-looking man with a particularly dirty face was hanging about a Woodward-avenue grocery the other day, when a clerk observed:

"If you had a bar of soap could you make good use of it?"

"You bet!" was the prompt reply.

He was handed one and went off. In about an hour he returned, his face as dirty as before, and the clerk exclaimed:

"You never used a bit of that soap!"

"You asked me to make good use of it. So I did. I traded it off for something to wash over four weeks' dust out of my throat. This dirt on my face isn't three days' old yet."

Detroit Free Frees.

Neither Went.

Two mothers sat opposite each other in a car on a Michigan Central train going to Toledo the other day. Each had a baby about a year old, and each baby came in for a share of the admiration of the passengers. This seemed to make the mothers jealous, and after thinking the matter over for awhile one of them leaned across the siale and said: "I feel it my duty to tell you to go into the car ahead with your child, as mine has the whooping cough."

"O! has it? Thanks for your kindness, but mine is all over the whooping cough and is now coming down with the mesales. Perhaps you had better go into the car behind!"—Detroit Free Press. Neither Went.

People who are always apprehensive that the earth is going to come in collision with some comet will be comforted to know that the nearest approach ever observed was Lexell's comet of 1770, which approached within 1,600,000 miles of the earth. As long as the comets keep a distance of over 1,000,000 miles away from us nobody need lose sleep for fear of getting mixed up in the tail of one.—M. Paul Giote.

CONEY ISLAND.

THE BOWERY TRANSFERRED TO THE SEASIDE.

People Often Congregate on a Warm Sunday—The Multitudinous Attractions and Picturesque Contracts of the Pinc

[Copyrighted, 186.]



almost wholly artificial. But for

the sea you could reproduce it in Montana or Kentucky. Its beach is gone, its walks and squares and plazas are boards, its only road is a dreary quarter of a mile of ragged as-phalt. It has not even got the ocean as the other places have, for this is at a corner of it and so near New York, that the

and calls "Moscow" one season and "Constantinople" the next. His show consists in the bombardment of the city or the blowing up of it, all with roman candles, sky rockets and bombs, in a manner not at all faithful to facts, but exceedingly brilliant and beautiful to behold. Citizens and soldiers fly about, boats move to and fro, the air is full of gorgeous missiles, houses gape, belch forth colored flames and fall, amid a din of explosion, hissing and shouts. Crowds pack the place every night except Sundays.

You notice how often the word "crowds" has occurred in this article. It should do so, for of all the distinctive features of Coney Island its crowds form the chief one. To see the biggest one we must leave the high-priced end of the island—but no, not without a glance at the Manhattan Beach bathing establishment, with its 1,800 dressing-rooms and its tiny little bit of nature's beach, backed by an amphitheatre where, for ten cents, you may have a seat and watch the bathers. It will disappoint you, however. Bathing is not enjoyed except at great disadvantage at Coney Island. It is not what we go there for.

To get to the crowded end of the

great disadvantage at Coney Island. It is not what we go there for.

To get to the crowded end of the island, the true Babylon by the sea, there is no other route than by the Marine railroad, a little monopolistic road on pilling that crosses an inlet that divides the island. It is a railway on stilts, about two or three city blocks in length, that exacts five cents toll of all who attempt to see the island. It sometimes carries 50,000 persons in a day—it often carries 20,000. Passing one more great hotel upon whose domain the waves crept until the first beach went, and then the lawn, we notice that its music-stand is over the edge tice that its music-stand is over the edge of old ocean, and that the hotel must of old ocean, and that the hotel must soon be moved or swept away. This is the hotel favored by the great city of Brooklyn. Further along we come to the tumult and bustle of the cheap end of the place, a little city of bee gardens, dance-houses, dives, a race course or two, gambling dens, restaurants bathing-places, two iron piers, an ele phant, endless side-shows, rinks, shoot ner of it and so near New York, that the water is not always the clearest, but the air—ah! the cool breath of old Neptune is felt there day and night, and that alone is Coney Island's fortune.

Coney Island in the season has been aptly described as the Bowery transferred to the seaside. It is so close to half a dozen big cities, it costs so little



to go to it, its invigorating coolness is so reviving after a day of business in the heated street, that literal multitudes rush to it, crowding long trains on half a dozen railroads, and swarming upon steamers of as many lines until, on Sundays particularly, one often finds himself among 250,000 idlers on that narrow wooden sea wall-a quarter of a million souls—a population such as only a few cities excel, and all idle and on pleasure bent. Naturally the Bowery features must be the stronger ones, but there is necessarily food for every taste, however gentle and refined, where so numerous ers. We shall see that this is so to a large extent-to so large an extent, in fact, that we shall find no conventional watering-place feature missing, except



cottage life and the vague but delightful pleasures afforded by the beaches that other places possess, but that the sea has ruthlessly stolen from this one.

Beginning at the Manhattan Beach end of the island where those go who have fat of the island where those go who have fat or at least moderate purses, we find two hotels surrounded by lawns of fine hair-like grass, forced to grow, against nature, almost to the wooden edge that shuts out thesea. One of these hotels is avoided by the crowd, for no one, not a guest, may enter it, and it offers no music or other attraction outside. It is an elegant, exclusive resort for rich persons who cannot venture beyond quick call from New York. The other seems to swarm with people, inside and outside. Hundreds are forever dining on its broad piazzas and in its public dining halls, while its own guests almost make up the full quots of a regiment. Suites of rooms full quots of a regiment. Suites of rooms here are let out to New York clubs and the best known names in town are on the register. A busy railroad empties it half-hourly trains in one end of the build ing, and in front of the mammoth pile, every afternoon, Gilmore's band plays in a little band-stand built like a sea

and the virtuous, though it has elemen) that make it unquestionably one of the wickedest places, if not the very wickedest in America in this season of the year. It is ridiculous to think of it as the seashore. It is a farce to call it so. It is a babel, a pandemonium, a sort of pleas-

ure's rag-bag.

Take a hurried look through it. Hemis a shooting gallery and here a merry-go-round, making a very din of melody; here is a great dance platform crowded at night, and made the scene of dancing that the police would not permit in any city in the land; here is a dime museum, and next to it a free variety theatre, to extend the sale of beer; here is a stuffed cow from which milk is drawn and sold by the glass; here is a great rink for by the glass; here is a great rink for roller-skating, and of the two great iron piers one is used as a restaurant and the other as a bathing establishment, is addition to their uses as landing places for steamboats. High above everything else is a towering framework of iron, brought from the Centennial and used as a cherystery. Close to it is an energy great rink an observatory. Close to it is an enormous restaurant, something like the Atlantic Garden in New York, with potted flowers and plants and a band of musicians, but filled with tables and diners and waiters. Overhead is a hotel. Hotels and restaurants and bands of music are plenty all about. In an in-closure is the wooden elephant house, shaped like an elephant but internally divided into rooms. Fifty feet away is a real elephant, sick and lame, chained a real elephant, sick and lame, chained in front of a museum to attract the crowd. Close by a juggler holds forth, and next to his shanty is a ram shackle place with signs announcing that "the world-renowned boxers Tommy this and Bobby that" will punch each other and Bobby that" will punch each other every hour; beer five cents a glass. Oh, it's a weird and wry place this babel end of Coney Island, with vice of the worst sorts elbowing honesty and innocence, but with the very air instinct with that patience and good nature typical of all New York resorts and the crowds that support them.

A great many persons lift a contempt.

A great many persons lift a contempt-uous nose at the sound of the name of Coney Island, but, believe me, there is something lacking in all such critics. The world would be very much poorer without it. The good that it does to hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of toilers who



street place, there are benches for \$.500 persons, free, gratis; then there is a shifting, moving, restless mass of 2,000 men behind and around the benches; then there are thousands on the broad plazza, some city blocks in length (for these Coney Island hotels are mammoth structures), and then there are people in all the windows.

And then the crowds at night at the fireworks! Ah! there is something no other coast resort has—Payn's fireworks. This Payn is an Englishman, whose principal discovery in fireworks seems to be the secret of throwing up myriads of chromatic globules that light and glorify the whole sky above you—that and the trick of adapting fireworks to scenic effects. He has a great show place fenced in and appointed with seats for 5,000 persons, free, gratis; then there are benches for the discontented. "You pays your money and you takes your choice" in Coney Island, and once there you may go and sit with millifensires, fare plainly among hard-working folk, is good, be bad, or dose in the sunshine transport of the sunshine transp

AN ANCIENT WITNESS.

THE NESTORIAN TABLET AND ITS IMPORTANT RECORDS.

Christianity in a Flourishing Condition in China Over Twelve Centuries Ago. The Church Obliterated so Completely that Only One Memorial of it Remains.

The Rev. Evan Bryant, a missionary to China, in a letter to the London Christian World, describes a visit to an interesting memorial of Christian missions in that country over twelve centuries ago. Writing from Tientsin he describes his search among ancient ruins outside of the city.

outside of the city.

"The ground is rough with stones and bricks and glazed tiles, the debris of old buildings; and the whole is covered with rank grass, tall thistles and a motley crop of other weeds. Here is a large, prettily-carved pail, greatly resembling a huge font in some Western cathedral, but whose use was once to hold golden and silvery fancy fish for the delectation of Buddhist priests and their visitors at the once flourishing Buddhist temple which some time stood on these grounds. That is interesting, but it is not what I want to see. Yonder, to the north of us, there are many high, broad, thick, black, carved stone tablets resting on stone tortoises; they are just in front of us; one of them is incomplete, or broken—devoid of its headpiece—can it be that that I so long to see? I rush toward it and soon discover that its fallen headpiece is on the ground at the foot of the slab—but that is not the object of my search. that is not the object of my search. Once more I lift my eyes and took around me, and move on to the several tablets that stand yonder in a row, like so many soldiers at drill, and among them, on my right, I descry the soughtfor object. There it is marked enough them, on my right, I descry the sought-for object. There it is, marked enough among its companions, as the religion it silently witnesses for is marked among all the religions of the world. What is it? A stone—high, broad, thick, and black, like, and yet not like, its com-rades; and on which is carved a vast arrades; and on which is carved a vast array of Chinese characters, and not a few characters of another tongue, which I regret for the moment that I do not know. It is a stone—old, historical, instructive, suggestive, heart-stirring, to the Christian missionary at least, and, I should think, interesting to all Christians. It is a stone in which may be found 'sermons' not a in which may be found 'sermons' not a few, and lectures not unedifying. It is the famous Nestorian tablet which com-memorates the introduction into and progress in China of Christianity by Nestorian missionaries in the earlier centuries of our era. That is the object I have come to see, and for which I have thus ardently searched—half afraid, at last, of not being able to find it there.

"The stone faces the south, and is what the natives call T'sing Shih, or granite. It was dug, like its companion stones, from the hill which is situated a little to the south of the city. Its height is about nine feet; width three feet two inches; and its thickness about ten or eleven inches. Its top is circular, and a combination of several incomplete figures, seemingly dragons, forms a wide border all around the upper part of the stone to the depth of about two feet. These incomplete figures are carved out of the stone, and not cut in it, like the inscription that is on it. Within this figured border there is a smooth space, the lower part of which is, roughly speaking, a square, whose two sides are extended in a concave curve till they meet above the square. In the angle formed by the meeting of these two curved lines there is a pretty little cross, whose horns are of unequal length, and of few inches only in extent, and cross at right angles. These horns are formed of four lines each, the upper and lower of which curve outward a little toward their ends, and are there joined together by means of a straight line drawn across them. At the end of each horn of the cross there is a set of three small circles, apparently repfigures are carved out of the stone, and end of each horn of the cross there is a set of three small circles, apparently representing three balls or globes. The whole figure forms a pretty little picture, which to the eye of the heathen is meaning less, but to the eye of the Christian how different! It is only a cross, neat, pretty, and small; yet, the symbol of the greatest fact and mightiest force in the universe, greater than which—nay, the equal of which, is to us inconceivable. of which, is to us inconceivable.

"Beneath that cross, and on the black smooth space inclosed by the rough-looking dragons, are carved three rows of three large Chinese characters, which comprise the title of the tablet and may be translated thus: 'A stone commemo-rative of the propagation in China of the Illustrious Religion of Syria.' Under-neath this title, and covering nearly the whole of the remainder of the stone, there is an extensive inscription well carved and well preserved, most of which is in Chinese; though, at the bottom, there are added a few Syriac sentences, mingled here and there with certain personal names, chiefly of priests, in Chinese characters. On both sides of the stone, but not on the back of it, there are more characters chiefly Syriac, and meany if not most of whole of the remainder of the stone, there on the back of it, there are more characters chiefly Syriac; and many, if not most of them are illegible. On the stone it is stated that it was "erected in the 2d year of Kien Chung of the Tang dynasty (t. s., A. D. 781), on the 7th day of the 1st month, being Sunday. Written by Lu Siu-yen, secretary to council, formerly military superintendent for Tai Chow; while the Bishop Ning-Shu had the charge of the congregations of the Illustrious in the East. This monument was discovered by a Roman Catholic charge of the congregations of the Illustrious in the East. This monument was discovered by a Roman Catholic priest at Si Ngan in A. D. 1625. Its authenticity was doubted at one time by some, but both these questions have long since been put to rest, and no further room is left for doubt that it is a genuine and authentic record of the Nestorian church in Shensi cess of the Nestorian church in Shensi and other parts of China."

The inscription gives a statement of Christian belief, somewhat quaintly worded, and describes its introduction into China. "In the time of the accomplished Em-

peror Tai Tsung, the illustrious and magnificent founder of the Tang dynasty, among the enlightened and holy men who arrived was the Most Virtuous Olowho arrived was the Most Virtuous Olopun, from the country of Syria. Observing the azure clouds, he bore the true sacred books; beholding the direction of the winds, he braved difficulties and dangers. In the year A. D. 635, he arrived at Chang Ngan; the Emperor sent his prime minister, Duke Fang Hsiuen Ling, who, carrying the official staff to the west border, conducted his guest into the interior; the sacred books were translated in the imperial library; this soverign investigated the subject in his private apartments; when, becoming deeply impressed with the rectitude and truth of the religion, he gave special orders for its dissemination."

Further on the inscription states:
"The Emperor Kau Tsung respectfully succeeded his ancestor (i. e., Tai Tsung), and was still more beneficent toward the institution of truth. In every province he caused illustrious churches to be erected, and ratified the honor conferred upon Olopun, making him the great con-servator of doctrine for the preservation of the state. While this doctrine per-vaded every channel, the state became enriched, and tranquillity abounded. Every city was full of churches, and the royal family enjoyed lustre and happi-

our religion into China, and to a considerable progress of that religion in the country; but, alas! to-day there is parently not a vestige of that work in the land, except this silent, yet eloquent stone; and such has been the case for centuries. Why this sad obliteration of that Christianity from those regions where it seems once to have greatly flourished? Nevertheless, I look forward hopefully to the time when Christiangdom shall be established more firmly and more widely and more effectively in this region than it was established by the Nestorian priests; and when this interesting stone, rescued from he hands of Buddhist priests, shall form a valued memorial in some Chinese Christian church yet to be built in Chang Ngan. Can it be that this utter extinction of the Nestorian Church from the land is owing to the neglect of the Nestorian teachers to give the sacred Scriptures and other Christian books to their people? Anyhow, our work as Protestant missionaries in this nineteenth century is founded and carried on throughout the land with mightier and more indestructible forces than that of the Nestorian missionaries. The Divine Scriptures are by us put in the hands of our Protestant Christians everywhere, and are also widely disseminated among the heathen; and are being distributed more extensively every year.

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